

Within the Cold

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Summary: A young Obi-Wan turns to the dark side.

Within the Cold

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Disclaimer: Star Wars belongs to the flannel man himself, George Lucas. I borrow without
>permission, yet without profit, so please don't hurt me. <p>

Note: This story starts when Obi-Wan is 13, before he is apprenticed to Qui-Gon, or
>any master.

He sensed a disturbance in the Force. Elusive, yet full of strength. Like a hunter who has
>spotted its prey. <p>

The young student glanced at the dancing shadows on the wall. It was almost as if... they
>were mocking him, his inability to make full use of his talents, his failure to be apprenticed
to a Jedi Master. But that was silly, Obi-Wan knew he should get back to his meditation.
>Yet the shadows would not leave him alone. <p>

'Come with me.'

A whisper startled him. Obi-Wan knew there was no one else in this part of the temple,
>and he didn't feel the presence of anyone. Still, there was something there, something
in his mind. Something... tempting.

"Who are you?" Obi-Wan fought to keep the nervousness out of his

voice.

'Come with me.'

>Â
"WHO ARE YOU?" Obi-Wan shouted, voice full of anger.

'Your future.'

With a shiver, Obi-Wan felt it seep into his mind. A stray thought that wasn't his

>own, an idea, a promise. The emotion and images that slipped into his mind were
almost... enticing. The boy knew that this was wrong, against what he had been taught,

>yet he couldn't help it, he had to see a bit more. Opening his mind just a little more, he
found more and more thoughts pouring into his mind. With his mind devouring these

>new images, Obi-Wan rose off the floor, candlelight reflecting in his eyes. Blue eyes
which now held a hint of something malevolent, a deep desire which he knew he didn't

>want to reject. Quickly striding out of the room, Obi-Wan Kenobi knew where he had to go. <p>

Jedi Master Qui-Gon Jinn quickly strode towards the ship that stood out against the harsh

>sands of Tatooine, a young boy in tow. He suddenly felt brief flicker of danger, and
whirled around, lightsaber ignited. Within another few seconds, a small speeder appeared

>over a sand dune, a figure in dark robes upon it. Leaping off, the treacherous figure ignited his crimson lightsaber. <p>

"Anakin! Run! Tell them to take off!" The Jedi Master quickly snapped an order at the

>boy as he prepared to defend himself from the mysterious enemy.

Before he could react,
the new foe had thrown something at Anakin, and the boy collapsed immediately.

>Qui-Gon knew what it was: poisonous dart. Lunging forward, he put his weight into
his attack. The hiss of clashing lightsabers echoed over the scorched sands.

With a flip, the enemy leapt over Qui-Gon, and as the Jedi turned to intercept the

>oncoming attack, he found himself looking into the dark lord's eyes. Blue orbs that were
darkened with hate, yet Qui-Gon recalled them from a long time ago. With a sudden flash

>in his mind, an image of fate, he backed up and fought to gain control over the emotions
flowing within him. He felt a sudden sorrow, like his destiny had been missed.

Obi-Wan, known to his master and legions as Darth Malice, stared at the strange old

>man, ceasing his attacks for a moment. A ripple in the Force went through him, and the
dark side within flickered for a moment. It was if he had forgotten something, that there

>was something dreadfully important at the edge of his mind. Almost as if an old friend
was calling his name, yet that was impossible, his only friend was the dark side...

>Risking a glance at the boy, whom he sensed a great amount of potential in, and the
potential to destroy him, Darth Malice turned his back to the Jedi Master and hopped

>on his speeder and quickly departed, to report to his master.
<p>

Emperor Kenobi lightly ran his finger along the edge of his throne, the seat that had
>once been occupied by his master, Emperor Palpatine. His master, killed by the
lightsaber of that old Jedi, who he once encountered. Kenobi felt, strangely, that he
>shouldn't hunt down that Jedi and kill him, and that perhaps was the only reason the man
still lived. He supposed that the previous ruler's death was one way to take command
>of the Empire, yet despite being wrapped in the dark side of the Force, he couldn't get
himself to hate that one Jedi.

The dark leader let a small, malicious smile slip on his face. 'Emperor Kenobi'. He
>found it only fitting that he retain the last name given to him by the Jedi. The Order of
the Jedi, who didn't let him live up to his potential, not like his dark master.

With a sigh, the Emperor knew it was time. Time to take an apprentice to teach in the
>ways of the dark side. The Senate had been dissolved, most of the Jedi had been killed,
and he had a tight grip on the known galaxy. Yes, it was the proper moment to have
>someone to learn these ways. <p>

Stretching out his mind, Emperor Kenobi let himself flow with the dark side, skipping
>lightly over its patterns, looking for a receptive mind, strong yet able to be turned.
Finally, he located such a boy on a nearby planet. Delighted with the find, Emperor
>Kenobi directed his thoughts at the boy, as the cycle of master and apprentice started again. <p>

'Come with me.'

End
file.